No One's Enemy but His Own.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

No One's Enemy but His Own.

A

COMEDY

In THREE ACTS,

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

Plenus rimarum sum; hac atque illac perfluo. TER

LONDON,

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing Southampton-street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV.

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MDCCLXIX.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

BOLD was the man, and fenc'd in ev'ry part
With oak, and ten-fold braſs about the heart,
To build a play who tortur'd firſt his brain,
And then dar'd launch it on this ſtormy main.
What tho', at firſt, he ſpreads his little ſails
To Heav'n's indulgent and propitious gales,
As the land gradual leſſens to his eye
He finds a troubled ſea, and low'ring ſky:
Envy, detraction, calumny, and ſpite,
Raiſe a worſe ſtorm than when the winds unite.
Around his bark, in many a dang'rous ſhoal,
Thoſe monſters of the deep, the critics, prowl.
" She's a weak veſſel, for theſe ſeas unfit,
" And has on board her not a ſpice of wit:
" She's French-built too; of foreign make," they cry;
Like geeſe ſtill cackling that the Gauls are nigh.
If thrown on rocks by the hoarſe daſhing wave,
Th' unhappy crew no hand is ſtretch'd to ſave;
But round the wreck, like Moors, with furious joy,
The witlings crowd——to murder and deſtroy.
These are known dangers; and, ſtill full as certain,
The bard meets other ills behind the curtain.
Little you think, ere yet you fix his fate,
What previous miſchiefs there in ambuſh wait;
What plagues ariſe from all the mimic throng:
" My part's too ſhort;—and, Sir, my part's too long."

This

This calls for incident; that repartee.
" Down the back-ſtairs pen an eſcape for me.
" Give me a ladder, Mr. Bayes, of rope;
" I love to wear the breeches, and elope.
" Something for me the groundlings ears to ſplit.
" Write a dark cloſet, or a fainting-fit.
" Fix Woodward in ſome whimſical diſgrace:
" Or be facetious with Ned Shuter's face."
This is our way; and yet our bard to night
Removes each obſtacle, and ſprings to light.
Some ſcenes, we hope, he brings to nature true;
Some gleams of humour, and a moral too;
But no ſtrange monſters offers to your view:
No forms, groteſque and wild, are here at ſtrife:
He boaſts an etching from the real life;
Exerts his efforts, in a poliſh'd age,
To drive the Smithfield muſes from the ſtage;
By eaſy dialogue would win your praiſe,
And on fair decency graft all his bayes.

Lately Publiſhed,

By the Author of this Piece,

	s.	d.
The Orphan of China. A Tragedy.	1	6
The Deſert Iſland. A Dramatic Poem.	1	6
The Way to Keep Him. A Comedy,	1	6
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The Old Maid. - - - - - - -	1	0
The Citizen. - - - - - - - -	1	0

Alſo, juſt Publiſhed,

As it was intended to be Acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden,

What WE muſt ALL come to.

A Comedy of Two Acts, Price 1 s.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

CARELESS,	Mr. WOODWARD.
SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN,	Mr. SHUTER,
WISELY,	Mr. Ross.
BELLFIELD,	Mr. SMITH.
BLUNT,	Mr. CLARKE.
BRAZEN, Servant to Wiſely,	Mr. CUSHING.
A SERVANT to Careleſs,	Mr. WELLER.
CRIB, a Taylor,	Mr. COSTOLLO.
LA JEUNESSE, a French Barber,	Mr. HOLTOM.

W O M E N.

HORTENSIA,	Mrs. WARD.
LUCINDA,	Miſs ELLIOTT.

SCENE, WINDSOR.

No One's Enemy but his own.

ACT I.

Enter CARELESS *and* BLUNT.

BLUNT.

FOR all that, Careleſs, I wiſh you had a little of that man in your compoſition.

CARELESS.

Of him! of Wiſely!——My dear Blunt, not for the wide world.——Wiſely has, indeed, the name of a good ſort of a ſenſible kind of man—and he is ſo—but the heart is never concerned in what he ſays or does.

BLUNT.

Why, as to his heart, according to the way of the world——

CARELESS.

He has none, Sir; no heart at all: his affections are all contracted into a narrow attention to ſelf; and his underſtanding acts the ſubſervient part to ſchemes of intereſt.——

BLUNT.

Why that is the very quality I wiſh you poſſeſſed a little of;——you would not then be liable to ridiculous miſcarriages in every thing you undertake.——

CARELESS.

There! going again to harp upon my indiſcretions. But prithee no more of that——I am wonderfully altered.——'Tis true, I have had hitherto an unguarded openneſs of temper; but that's all over.

BLUNT.

All over!——My dear Careleſs, you will never give it over. You are the very ſieve of your own intentions, the Marplot of your own deſigns.

CARELESS.

Oh! no, no——I am very ſecret of late.

BLUNT.

'Sdeath, man, I would as ſoon truſt a ſecret with the printer of a daily paper.——Was it not but the other day you loſt a ſeat in parliament by not keeping your own counſel?

CARELESS.

There again now you wrong me: Sir William's intereſt was weaken'd, and——

BLUNT.

Pſha! I know the whole affair: You blabbed the ſcheme, and a whiſper from above to the corporation undid you.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Well! well! that has taught me wiſdom.—

BLUNT.

Wiſdom! have you ſaid nothing of Lucinda lately?

CARELESS.

Not a ſyllable.

BLUNT.

Have not you ſhewn her letter to any body?

CARELESS.

Letter!—why—a—

BLUNT.

You have ſhewn it; and there is captain Wimble in a fury about a paragraph relating to himſelf.

CARELESS.

Captain Wimble!—I—I—now there, upon my ſoul, I am very ill uſed.—I never ſhewed that letter to any body but Jack Tattle;—under the ſeal of ſecrecy too.—There is no ſuch thing as truſting any body.

BLUNT.

It was not he betray'd you.

CARELESS.

Nobody elſe ſaw a ſyllable of it.

BLUNT.

Not my lady Betty Gabble?

CARELESS.

My lady Betty! I—I repeated a paſſage to my lady Betty Gabble, merely by way of converſation.

BLUNT.

And by way of converſation you are for ever marring all your own ſchemes.

CARELESS.

Well, if that's the caſe, a Jew without renouncing ſhall as ſoon gain admiſſion to the Pope's toe, as any man get into my ſecrets again.

BLUNT.

Caution is neceſſary, let me tell you, Careleſs; men are inquiſitive into other people's buſineſs.

CARELESS.

So they are, Sir.

BLUNT.

Ridicule and raillery are the taſte of the age: every one you meet is a pleaſant fellow; he has picked up a character, an incident, a ſtory, a damn'd high ſtory; and ſo a friend is ſacrificed to the ſport of the next company.

CARELESS.

Very true;—I find it ſo;——but I am a new man grown, notwithſtanding all your criticiſms upon my character.

BLUNT.

A new man!—Why you have ruin'd yourſelf with Lucinda: She'll never marry you.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! you ſee now I can keep a ſecret.—Ha! ha! my dear Blunt, I don't intend to marry her.

BLUNT.

No!

CARELESS.

No;——that has been ſettled this week; and tho' you and I live here at Windſor in the ſame houſe,—ha! ha!—I have kept it from you theſe ſix or ſeven days.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

Well; if you have ſufficient motives for breaking off——

CARELESS.

I have.——Ha! ha!——You muſt not be in the cabinet-council of my amours.——Ha! ha! tho'—ha! ha!—you will be ſurpriz'd when you know my reaſons.——Ha! ha! the greateſt thing in the world for me.——Ha! ha!

BLUNT.

Well, if it is ſo, be upon your guard.

CARELESS.

Yes, yes; that's abſolutely neceſſary: it all depends upon ſecrecy.——Ha! ha!——It's a prodigious hit.

BLUNT.

You'll defeat it yourſelf. Thou'rt an honeſt fellow, Careleſs, and no one's enemy but your own.

CARELESS.

Never fear me; ha! ha! you'll be rejoic'd when you hear it.——Ha! ha!

BLUNT.

I hope ſo.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! you would never have ſuſpected it.——Ha! ha!——It will aſtoniſh the world how I brought it about.—Ha! ha!——I have a mind to give you a hint.

BLUNT.

There again now!

CARELESS.

How can you be ſo ſupercilious? Telling you is nothing. Ha! ha! My dear Blunt, if you will promiſe me——

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

I had rather not hear it.

CARELESS.

It will ſo aſtoniſh you.—Ha! ha! I ſhall have a borough of my own.

BLUNT.

Well, but why need you ſpeak? I had rather——

CARELESS.

Only to you, only to you. Ha! ha! it will ſo ſurprize you:——The charming, youthful, lovely widow——.

BLUNT.

Prythee, man, lock it up in your own breaſt.

CARELESS.

Hortenſia, my boy!——Ha! ha!——In a few days I am to be married to her.

BLUNT.

Hortenſia! how the devil could you get acceſs to her. Her way of life is ſo retir'd——

CARELESS.

I knew it would ſurprize you.——Is it not a great affair?

BLUNT.

Very great indeed!

CARELESS.

My dear Blunt, I am ruin'd if a ſyllable tranſpires.——She can't bear to be the topic of the day;—ſhe has broke off ſeveral matches becauſe her lovers were imprudent enough to make her the tea-table talk.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Your honour's taylor, Sir, from London, and your peruke-maker.

CARELESS.

Shew them in. [*Exit* Servant.] Theſe are preparations for my wedding.——Ha! ha!——Have not I manag'd it well?

BLUNT.

Well, now continue to be upon your guard till all's concluded.——While you are buſy with theſe fellows, I'll juſt ſtep and write a ſhort letter.——Wiſely ſets out for London to-day, and he'll take my letter with him.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!——How the world will ſtare!——Ha! ha!

BLUNT.

They will ſo.

CARELESS.

But you ſee all depends upon cloſe management:——Now, if you have the friendſhip for me you have always profeſs'd, let me entreat you——

BLUNT.

Be watchful of yourſelf, my dear Careleſs, and——

CARELESS.

Oh! you may be ſure of me;——it's too deep a ſtake——ha! ha! [*Exit* Blunt.

Notwithſtanding his notions of my character, he ſees now that I——ha! ha!

Enter CRIB *and* LA JEUNESSE.

CARELESS.

Walk in, Mr. Crib.—Monſieur La Jeuneſſe, *bien venuë.*

LA JEUNESSE.

Monſieur, I have de honour of make you ſuch wig as by gar was never ſeen.

CRIB.

And I, Sir, have brought you ſuch a ſuit of cloaths——I ſhall ſo admire them when your honour has them on. The greateſt pleaſure of my life is to admire my own cloaths.

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar, me go to de Mall every Sunday, on purpoſe to ſee my wig walk by.

CARELESS.

Gentlemen, ye are both eminent in your vocations.

CRIB.

Ah, Sir! you will be ſuch a handſome bridegroom in this ſuit.——Will your honour pleaſe to try it on?

CARELESS.

You adapt your work ſo perfectly to my perſon, Mr. Crib, that I am ſure it fits me.—Monſieur La Jeuneſſe, you may try on the wig.

LA JEUNESSE.

De tout mon cœur—a ça—wid dis wig you will look *comme un ange.*——Dis wig! pardie, it is not wig, it is head of hair—a ça.—Has it de honour of being eaſy on de head?

CARE-

CARELESS.

Vaſtly well, Monſieur La Jeuneſſe.

LA JEUNESSE.

Voions! it is nature make dat, and not me.

CRIB.

With my cloaths on, Sir, madam Lucinda will ſo admire——

CARELESS.

You think I am to be married to her, do you, maſter Crib?

CRIB.

So the world ſays, your honour.

CARELESS.

The world! ha! ha!

LA JEUNESSE.

It is ver fine demoiſelle; and it will be ſo *en amour* wid my wig.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! you are two fooliſh fellows.—And ſo you think ſhe is the happy woman, do ye?

LA JEUNESSE.

It is all de talk of de great worl.

CARELESS.

The great world is greatly miſtaken.—I don't think of her.

BLUNT [*Entering*].

What is he about now?

CARELESS.

An intrigue with Lucinda might be agreeable enough; and, not to mince the matter, I believe I ſhall bring it to that.——The lady ſeems to think her fortune places her above cenſure; and

ſhe coquets with ſo many men, that hang me if I don't believe ſhe means to keep her eſtate in her own hands, and to have all the pleaſures of matrimony without parting with her power.

LA JEUNESSE.

Monſieur, that is a leetle a-la-mode.

CARELESS.

Yes, I fancy I ſhall have an affair with the lady.

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar, monſieur, you may have intrigue wid who you will.——My wig it is not eaſy reſiſt.—I aſſure you, my wig it have more intrigue dan any body at all.

CRIB.

And my cloaths, Sir; my cloaths have had more fine women——And ſo your honour does not think of marriage?

CARELESS.

Not with Lucinda; but I ſhall be married for all that.——Ha! ha!——You muſt not take any notice.

LA JEUNESSE.

Oh! d'honneur!

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! when you hear of a rich blooming widow——

BLUNT.

Death and fury! he is going to divulge all.——Careleſs, I have finiſh'd my letter.

CARELESS.

Have you?——Gentlemen, I have no further occaſion——

CRIB.

CRIB.

Your honour's moſt obedient.

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar, I long to know my wig who it is to be married to. [*Exit* Crib *and* La Jeuneſſe.

BLUNT.

For ſhame, Careleſs!——You were going to truſt theſe fellows:——And you blabb'd about Lucinda.

CARELESS.

Pſha! that's nothing; they are two ſilly raſcals, and will think no more about it.

BLUNT.

And thus you reconcile yourſelf to your follies.——But don't you know, that tho' Hortenſia may have as prompt inclinations as any of her ſex, ſhe ſeems to act more from judgment than deſire?

CARELESS.

Yes, man, I know all that.—She ſays ſo herſelf, here in a charming, charming note ſhe ſent me yeſterday. [*He ſearches for it.*] Where the devil is it?—Zoons! I have not loſt it!—Here, Richard, George, run to my room, and ſee if I have left a letter there.—I was upon the terras laſt night—'Sdeath, if I dropt it there——

BLUNT.

This is being qualified for a ſecret now.

CARELESS.

Confuſion! this will be the devil and all.——Ho! no! I have it ſafe.——You ſee, Blunt, I am cloſe enough.——Now you ſhall hear it.

Enter WISELY.

WISELY.

Gentlemen, your ſervant. Is your letter ready, Blunt?

CARELESS.

My dear Wiſely, I am ſorry we are to loſe you.—Some diſappointment in love, I reckon.

WISELY.

There are other perplexities beſides thoſe of love, Sir.——But no matter for my concerns; I don't deſire to be either pitied or envied.

CARELESS.

Now I like to provoke the envy of mankind: And here is that [*Shewing the letter*] will make my acquaintance look on me with a jealous eye.

BLUNT.

Po! prythee, put up.

CARELESS.

Nay, I can truſt my friend Wiſely;—he is an honeſt fellow, and minds nobody's buſineſs but his own;—he ſhall know it before he goes to town. [*Reads.*] "Hortenſia's compliments to Mr. Careleſs——"

WISELY.

Hortenſia to him! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir.

BLUNT.

Careleſs, how can you?

CARELESS.

Pſha! he is going to town; he'll not obſtruct me.

WISELY.

No, truly, not I, Sir.—Unleſs you put me in the way. [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

" Hortenſia's compliments to Mr. Careleſs; " ſhe thinks it vain to attempt concealing an " inclination which he has raiſed in her heart, " and which many circumſtances muſt have al- " ready interpreted. She was at firſt alarmed " at Mr. Careleſs's unguarded temper, but ex- " pects from his good ſenſe an abſolute ſilence, " till every thing is concluded." You ſee, Blunt, ſhe thinks differently of my character from what you do,——Ha! ha!

BLUNT.

Weak, idle man!

CARELESS.

" She will meet him at Sir Philip Figurein's " maſk this evening: And, in the mean time, " deſires he will hide from the world this decla- " ration of her heart, which the merit of Mr. " Careleſs has extorted from her." There's a billet doux for you.

BLUNT.

Well, you obey the lady's commands moſt admirably.

CARELESS.

Don't be ſo cynical!——This is among ourſelves.

BLUNT.

Among ourſelves!—Suppoſe Wiſely was in love with her.

WISELY.

WISELY.

I, Sir—I—the lady is very little known to me. —I would not be ſuſpected for the world. [*Aſide.*]

BLUNT.

Po! I hate to ſee you play the fool thus.—— Wiſely, let your man deliver this letter for me. —Careleſs, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Fare you well, philoſoper.——Poor Blunt! he thinks I don't know how to diſtinguiſh between men; but I can confide in you—I know thou'rt an honeſt fellow.

WISELY.

Oh, you may confide in me, I aſſure you, Sir. I have ſuch an intereſt now in this buſineſs, that I am heartily oblig'd to you for the intelligence.

CARELESS.

Ay, I knew you would be glad to hear it.— Well now, a'n't I a very happy fellow?——Ha! ha!——This letter would be enough to break the heart of a rival; to make him challenge me, fight me, kill me.——Ha! ha!

WISELY.

Why it is a ſerious buſineſs for a rival. [*Forcing a laugh.*]

CARELESS.

Only think of my carrying off Hortenſia at laſt! I think it would gall you now, if you had been one of her many admirers.

WISELY.

To be rejected by her, in whom beauty and good ſenſe are ſtill at ſtrife for pre-eminence—

to

to be diſcarded by her, 'tis enough to drive the mind to madneſs—that is, I ſhould think ſo, if the lady had engag'd my heart ——Confuſion! I had like to have detected myſelf. [*Aſide*]—— But I am glad to hear what you have told me.

CARELESS.

Oh, I knew you would be glad of it.——But now I have open'd myſelf to you, not a word for your life.

WISELY.

I ſhall make a proper uſe of it——rely upon me.

CARELESS.

I am ſure you will—I read men now—A propos, as you are going to town, do me a ſlight favour: Here is a ſnuff-box with her picture in it; I let it fall laſt night upon the terras, and have damag'd it a little. Prythee leave it at Deard's as you go by, and order it to be mended.

WISELY.

With all my heart;—I take it with great pleaſure.

CARELESS.

Only caſt your eye on her picture:——How lovely!

WISELY.

Charming indeed!——Succeſsful coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

CARELESS.

Don't let a mortal ſee it.

WISELY.

By no means.

CARE-

CARELESS.

You ſee the leaſt hint will ruin me.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir Philip Figurein, Sir, has ſent to know if your honour will meet him on the terras this morning?

CARELESS.

I'll wait on him [*Exit* Servant.] Will you come and take a turn with the knight?

WISELY.

I don't care if I do. I ſhall hardly ſet out till evening.

CARELESS.

The knight will divert us. What an abſurd paſſion has poſſeſſed him in his old days! He is ſeventy, is not he?

WISELY.

Not much ſhort; and in high ſpirits ſtill.

CARELESS.

Spirits! with one foot in the grave, he dances about the world, as if he was bit by a tarantula.

WISELY.

Why dancing is his ruling paſſion.

CARELESS.

So much, that he runs about to all the country aſſemblies, and is a *beau garçon* with all human infirmities.

WISELY.

He is very harmleſs and good-natur'd.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Yes; but not a ſingle idea but what is derived from dancing. If you aſk him what ſort of a place ſuch a town is, "They have a very good Monday-night aſſembly." Or, if you deſire to know what kind of people, "They very often dance thirty couple."

WISELY.

You have him exactly.

CARELESS.

Can you gueſs his buſineſs with me?

WISELY.

No, really.

CARELESS.

He is to have a maſquerade at his own houſe to-night, and wants to give me the invitation.

WISELY.

Civil!

CARELESS.

But his wife has been beforehand with him.—Ha! ha!——I could let you into a ſecret about her.——Ha! ha!——You muſt not let a word tranſpire.——Ha! ha!——I am pretty well with her.

WISELY.

The devil you are!——My own relation, and he is going to betray her. [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

Yes; I am much in her good graces: And if hereafter you ſhould ſee the likeneſs of your humble ſervant in one of my lady Figurein's children, tip me a ſmile, but keep your mind to yourſelf.

WISELY.

How, in the name of wonder, do you manage to ingratiate yourſelf thus?

CARELESS.

Step with me to my dreſſing room, and you ſhall know further particulars.——Ha! ha!——This very night, when the maſk inflames every ſpirit to joy and revelry, and while Sir Philip is ſacrificing to the graces, as he calls it, her ladyſhip and I intend a ſacrifice to the god of love.

WISELY.

Thou art an happy fellow.——But I hope I ſhall be able to counter-act your deſigns. [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

But, my dear Wiſely, not a ſyllable of all this.

WISELY.

You may rely upon me.

CARELESS.

Not the leaſt hint about Hortenſia.

WISELY.

Not for the world.

CARELESS.

Poor Blunt! he calls me the Marplot of my own ſchemes.——Ha! ha!——But you ſee I know who to confide in.—I know who are my friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Terras.*

Enter LUCINDA *and* BELLFIELD.

BELLFIELD.

And ſo, my dear Lucinda, you think you know your own mind ſo well, that you can anſwer for it, I ſhall never have the rights of an huſband over that pretty perſon of yours.

LUCINDA.

No, never; poſitively never.

BELLFIELD.

And, on my part, I poſitively pronounce that you will, one day or other, make me the happy man.

LUCINDA.

Pray, Mr. Bellfield, have you a patent for my inclinations? or do you intend to lay violent hands upon a weak defenceleſs woman, and make me your own by force of arms?

BELLFIELD.

O fy! no force:—like a good-natur'd general I invite you to capitulate, rather than urge me to the neceſſity of carrying the town by ſtorm.

LUCINDA.

But I find the garriſon ſtill able to hold out.—The citadel [*laying her hand on her heart*] is ſtill proof againſt all the artillery you have play'd off.——I think you have not been able to throw in much fire, Mr. Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

Ha! ha! you little know that I have a ſecret friend in that very citadel, that will betray the place to me.

LUCINDA.

Indeed you flatter yourſelf;——There is not a ſingle ſentiment, not one deſire or inclination here, that has ever whiſper'd the ſmalleſt good word in your favour.

BELLFIELD.

Well, well, there is a little deſtiny in theſe matters—that's all.

LUCINDA.

Deſtiny! and ſo your ſyſtem in love-affairs is like that of certain heroes in military matters.—You think, I ſuppoſe, that every heart, like every cannon-ball, has its billet.

BELLFIELD.

Even ſo, madam. Nature, like a ſkilful bowler, delivers every heart out of hand with a ſecret bias to its proper object.

LUCINDA.

There is ſomething agreeably impudent in the fellow's vanity. [*Aſide*] But you will allow that nature gives little ſecret antipathies too.

BELLFIELD.

Oh, certainly!——She delights in blending contradictions, in order to embelliſh the fair, and give her the graces of variety. A ſort of moſaic work, where folly is inlaid with talents, a love of pleaſure with virtue, a power of pleaſing with a delight in giving pain; and, as the poet ſays,

"Fix'd

" Fix'd principles with fancy ever new,
" Shakes all together, and produces you."

LUCINDA.

Upon my word this is altogether a new way of making love: By convincing me that you can with curious diſcernment ſpy out all the little foibles of the fair, you think to recommend yourſelf to my notice. Have a care, Mr. Bellfield, remember Apollo's ſentence upon the critic who found out all the faults in a celebrated poem: He laid before him a ſack of wheat, and bid him ſeparate the chaff, which he gave him for his pains.

BELLFIELD.

That, madam, was becauſe the man was ſo unfortunate as to have no reliſh for the beauties; whereas my admiration——

LUCINDA.

Oh, Sir, you manage your admiration as certain prodigals do their money; you grudge the ſmalleſt part to your neighbours, and ſquander all moſt profuſely on yourſelf: And therefore it is you have been entered in my black liſt; let me ſee how long—let me ſee [*takes out a pocket-book*] Ay, this is it: [*reads*] " A liſt of thoſe " I am determined not to marry." Let me ſee, " Mr. Worthleſs condemn'd May the nineteenth, " 1762."

BELLFIELD.

Worthleſs! what he that married the great fortune.

LUCINDA.

And took on ſo prodigiouſly at her death.—He made love to me while he had weepers on for

for his deceas'd wife; and ſo I hated him for an impoſtor, worſe than Maria does Dr. Wolfe, in the Nonjuror.——But where are you, you creature? "Lord Hazard." This was a man of rank, with a pale quality face, and a genteel, enervated figure. I perceiv'd by his paſſion for play, that the queen of trumps was in his eyes the greateſt beauty in the world; ſo I acquainted his lordſhip that I had no further occaſion for his ſervices; and he told his friends that he reſign'd.

BELLFIELD.

Ha! ha!——I ſee plainly I muſt be the man. [*Aſide.*]

LUCINDA.

Where the deuce is your name? "Morelove—Ranger—Dorimant—Blackacre."—Well, this Mr. Blackacre was a perfect curioſity: Inſtead of ſaying civil things of my perſon, he talked of nothing but my eſtate, and aſſured me when the preſent leaſes expired he would let the whole at an improv'd rent.

BELLFIELD.

Why ſuch a fellow was fitter to be bailiff or ſteward of your manor.

LUCINDA.

There was ſomething handſome about him too;—no, not handſome neither—I don't know how to deſcribe him: A ſort of ſymmetry of features, and a faint bloom that made a comely kind of deformity. No ſymptoms of ſenſibility; no expreſſion of a feeling mind; and he appeared to me likely to make that ſort of huſband, who has no manner of vice, gets up in a morning

a morning regularly, eats his breakfaſt, looks over his accounts, goes to the coffee-houſe, comes home to dinner, reads his letters, goes to the coffee-houſe again, reads the evening-papers, comes home to ſupper, and goes to-bed.——Ha! ha!

BELLFIELD.

Ha! ha! Why you give portraits in miniature as well as any painter of them all.

LUCINDA.

Ha! ha! I laugh whenever I think of the man.——He brought me all the news of the day.

BELLFIELD.

Ay.

LUCINDA.

Oh, all; but none that I valued; no news about the little victories this figure obtain'd in the world; no advices of what was ſaid about my laſt new cap—the happy arrangement of a patch; no intelligence about a particular bloom of my complexion; never came with a "We "hear from Ranelagh that Lucinda's eyes ſcat-"tered death and torment among all the beaus "laſt Friday-night." No, no ſuch thing; it was all political intelligence; and, being a favourite, I had it warm from the mint. At ten in the morning, there was an action in Germany, and the French loſt ten thouſand men upon the field of battle, three princes of the blood, and five marſhals of France. At twelve, the news was premature. At two, an expreſs was arriv'd at the ſecretary of ſtate's. In the evening, the victory was not ſo complete; and a noble lord was heard to ſay, that if a certain gene-

ral had done his duty, the balance of Europe would have been ſettled. At night, the whole report was falſe, and there was no battle at all.

BELLFIELD.

You would have had all the joys of dear variety with ſuch an huſband.

LUCINDA.

Oh, horrid!——I told him at length, that I could not conſider him in the light of a lover; but that really he was a very good news-paper; and that whenever he was out of hand, or not beſpoke, I ſhould be glad to be entertain'd with the topic of the day.—Ha! ha!

BELLFIELD.

And ſo order'd your ſervants to take him in, inſtead of the Chronicle, or Public Ledger.——Ha! ha!——By laughing at all her lovers, ſhe is determined to have me. [*Aſide.*]—Upon my ſoul, Lucinda, you have a very pretty groupe of humouriſts.

LUCINDA.

Enough to furniſh out a comedy.—The vain, the proud, the formal, the briſk, every ſpecies of the ridiculous and abſurd, has been my moſt obedient, very humble ſervant.——And here—here's another character, to help out the piece—"Mr. Bellfield."

BELLFIELD.

Well, let us hear.

LUCINDA.

"Condemn'd, Auguſt the ſixteenth, 1763, "for looking at himſelf in the glaſs for a full "half hour, while he was directing his diſcourſe

"to

" to me." There, you are out-law'd for open rebellion againſt my beauty—hold up your hand —and what have you to ſay, why judgment of death ſhould not paſs upon you?

BELLFIELD.

Why, I have your pardon in my pocket.

LUCINDA.

Oh, to be ſure, I, who claim homage from every pretty fellow, am likely to forgive the diſaffected perſon who diſputes my title, and becomes a vain pretender to it himſelf.

BELLFIELD.

How can you talk thus, when you know I have worſhipp'd you even to idolatry, and have offer'd up prayers on my very knees to you?

LUCINDA.

But I require true devotion in your prayers. Would it not provoke the patience of a ſaint to have a well-powder'd fop kneel at his ſhrine, with a "There's a handſome fellow for you; mind my cloaths, Bruſſels lace, diamond-ring, ſaucy ſnuff-box, and impudent face?" And this too under the notion of aſking a bleſſing.

BELLFIELD.

My dear Lucinda, I never knew you ſo much out. Would not you have a man go to his prayers with a good conſcience? And what are the pleaſures of a good conſcience? The applauſes of one's own heart.——Now, my dear ma'am, if, when I approach you, I have ſome ſelf-approving airs, am not I therefore the better intitled to you?

LUCINDA.

Heav'ns! I am frighten'd at you.—You are a free-thinker in love:——Preach this doctrine to the ladies, and they will call it downright hereſy.

BELLFIELD.

Very like. But ſurely, were I to make my advances with darts, and flames, and Cupid, and Venus, and the Graces, I ſhould be a meer uninſtructed pagan. Whereas, at preſent, I only want to diſcard ſuperſtition, and idle ceremonials, and ſo eſtabliſh the true ſyſtem of love.

LUCINDA.

Which you take to conſiſt in——

BELLFIELD.

In the language of the heart.—As for inſtance —I love you, ſhall ſtudy your happineſs, and ſo let me call the parſon.

LUCINDA.

Eaſy and impudent!—But love's religion is a ſort of popery, and requires penance, and faſting, and watching, and that you ſhould pray for favours in a language almoſt unintelligible.—— But you ſay your prayers in the vulgar tongue: "And ſo let me call the parſon." Why you might as well come moſt cavalierly to my houſe, take poſſeſſion of an arm chair, and, "Here, "bring me my night-gown and ſlippers."

BELLFIELD.

And as all the ſighs, and verſes, and fine things of lovers, muſt end in that, you had better wave ceremony; for as to Careleſs, tho' you may think you have hold of his heart——

LU-

LUCINDA.

Careleſs! ——I deſire you will never mention him.——Careleſs!——A ſenſeleſs wretch!——A vile inconſtant!——who abandons me as if age had ſuddenly rendered me loathſome.

BELLFIELD.

Why, faith, though I deteſt the treachery, I can't, upon this occaſion, quarrel with the traitor.

LUCINDA.

Oh, Sir, I dare ſay you applaud his conduct; and would like him declare, that I might paſs very well for a miſtreſs, to toy an hour with, and muſt ſhortly come to that.—But for a wife—oh, ſhocking!

BELLFIELD.

Has he dar'd talk thus, Lucinda?

LUCINDA.

Even to the loweſt wretch on earth; to that fellow, La Jeuneſſe, who dreſs'd my hair about half an hour ago.——Oh, if my brother were in England, he ſhould find I do not want a friend to aſſert my honour.

BELLFIELD.

By Heaven, I'll do it, this very day, myſelf. ——Now you ſhall have proof of the ſincerity with which I love.——Pronounce me unworthy of you, if your wrongs are not redreſs'd within this hour. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

Yet, why ſhould vexation thus get the better of me!—Mr. Bellfield gone! Heav'ns! he talk'd ſomething of calling this baſe man to an account.

I hope he won't be mad enough to think of ſuch a thing.——So, ſo, Mr. Careleſs coming this way.——I will not even condeſcend to upbraid him with his baſeneſs.——I'll ſwear, I could almoſt find in my heart to throw myſelf into Bellfield's arms, to pique the wretch! [*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* WISELY.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! is not he a ridiculous character?

WISELY.

Yes; ſomething ſingular in his way,

CARELESS.

Poor Sir Philip!—A paſſion for dancing when the uſe of his limbs has almoſt left him.—I am glad we have got rid of him.—Ha! ha!—'Sdeath, here he comes again, with St. Vitus ſtrong upon him.

Enter Sir PHILIP FIGUREIN.

SIR PHILIP.

[*In a minuet ſtep.*] I forgot to tell you, Careleſs, I forgot to tell you, [*ſinks gently and riſes*] and you too, Mr. Wiſely, I forgot to tell you both, that I am to have a maſk'd ball at my houſe to-night. [*Hums a minuet.*]

CARELESS.

I am much oblig'd to you, Sir Philip; but your lady has been before-hand with you, and has done me the honour of an invitation.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

Has ſhe? [*turning out his toes.*]—I recollect now—ſhe told me ſo—you intend to—la loll loll—you intend to come, I hope—la loll loll.

CARELESS.

By all means, Sir Philip; I ſhall wait upon my lady.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Advancing in a minuet ſtep to Careleſs.*] We ſhall be all gaiety, joy, and activity of ſpirit.—Mr. Wiſely, [*in a minuet ſtep to him*] I ſay, Mr. Wiſely, [*turns out his toes, ſinks and riſes*] I ſay, I hope, Sir, you intend us the honour.

WISELY.

I am afraid I can't have that happineſs; I am bound for London, Sir.

SIR PHILIP.

Po! po! prithee, man, ſtay this night; be in at the diverſions with your friends.

WISELY.

I have not your ſpirits, Sir Philip; I muſt beg to be excuſed.—I am not ſo young a man as you are.

SIR PHILIP.

Why, conſidering all, I am pretty young: [*throws back his ſhoulders, and turns out his toes.*] All owing to the exerciſe I take.—I dance three thouſand miles a year.

WISELY.

So much!

CARELESS.

Ay, and more.—Why he goes to all the aſſemblies within thirty miles round London.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Turning his arms in and out.*] Yes, I go to all; I call it ſacrificing to the graces. Socrates the philoſopher call'd it ſo before me. He ſacrific'd to the graces at threeſcore.

WISELY.

I ſhould like to have ſeen the old philoſopher turning out his toes.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Turns out his toes, and hums a tune.*] The old philoſopher, Sir, lov'd the elegant arts. And there was Scaliger, a man of great learning, and an eminent critic—he danc'd a Pyrrhic dance—a dance well known to the ancients, Mr. Careleſs.—Scaliger, Sir, danc'd a Pyrrhic dance, to the aſtoniſhment of all Germany. We have his own word for it.

WISELY.

And well they might be aſtoniſhed!

SIR PHILIP.

Why ſo, Sir? why ſo?

CARELESS.

Very true, knight, why ſo?—'Tis a noble exerciſe.

SIR PHILIP.

Give me your hand for that. [*Advances to him in a minuet ſtep, and takes his hand gracefully.*] A noble exerciſe, indeed! it gives the graceful diſplay of the limbs—a free carriage—and a—— [*ſinks and riſes.*] Pray—pray, Careleſs,—pray do you know Miſs Charlotte Cherry?

CARELESS.

She is the youngeſt daughter, is not ſhe?

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

The ſame; turn'd of fourteen years; juſt now in her fifteenth; and the ſweeteſt face, prettieſt feet, and the fineſt here——the fineſt cheſt;——coming forward——coming forward charmingly. I danc'd with her at the laſt aſſembly at Sunning-hill.

CARELESS.

Well done, knight.

SIR PHILIP.

Hey, lads! was not it bold to undertake her ſo young?—I can match Hercules for labour in a country-dance. I began the minuets with my lady Portſoken:——A fine, comely, reſponſible woman is my lady Portſoken—moves a minuet like a cathedral.—Indeed a ſlight accident happen'd to me.

CARELESS.

Ay; what was that?

SIR PHILIP.

Why, Sir, in the harmonious movement under the great branch in the middle of the room, an unlucky hook took a fancy to my wig—I loſt the honours of my head, Sir; they were ſuſpended in air, and I mov'd thro' my minuet, quite inſenſible of the diſaſter.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! my dear knight, an unlucky accident.

SIR PHILIP.

Oh, no; nothing—I did not mind it; a few lampoons, epigrams, and little luteſtring verſes for the ſummer-ſeaſon, flew about: I danced

on—they could not put me out of time. One of the ſmart ſonneteers of the place charg'd the accident home upon me; and in pretty Namby Pamby call'd it the Rape of the Lock. The feet of his verſe might be very good, but my feet were never the worſe. I laughed, and anſwer'd him out of Horace, *Nunc pede libero pulſanda tellus.*

CARELESS.

Admirable! an excellent repartee!

WISELY.

So it was.——A propos, Sir Philip, I never wiſh'd you joy upon your daughter's marriage.

SIR PHILIP.

You do me honour, my dear Sir, you do me honour.——Poor girl!—heigh ho!—poor Harriet!——She did not live long.

WISELY.

No! I beg your pardon for mentioning——

SIR PHILIP.

She has been dead theſe three months. [*Sinks and riſes.*] Yes, Sir, [*goes to him in a minuet ſtep*] my poor daughter was not fond of exerciſe—ſhe did not take to her dancing—it was the death of her.

WISELY.

I am very ſorry for it; eſpecially as it ſeems to grieve you ſo much.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay, poor girl! [*turning out his toes, and adjuſting his arms*] ſhe died in Wiltſhire.

CARELESS.

At your own houſe, I ſuppoſe.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

No; that houſe was ſold long before, to the higheſt bidder, before a maſter in Chancery, to pay ſome of my wife's gaming debts. You know ſhe is addicted to play. [*Turning out his toes.*] It is the worſt paſſion in the world.

WISELY.

You had a beautiful ſeat there.

SIR PHILIP.

Pleaſantly ſituated, Sir.——You were near the aſſembly at Saliſbury, the aſſembly at Winchester, and the aſſembly at Southampton.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! that was convenient; ha! Wiſely.

WISELY.

Ay, very convenient.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes; and the eſtate was much improv'd of late: For my friend George Martin, of Southampton, who is a very facetious companion, and tells an admirable ſtory, has built a ſet of rooms, in the ſweeteſt ſituation imaginable.

CARELESS.

They have a fine country about there, have not they?

SIR PHILIP.

I have ſeen them dance thirty couple.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! and did not it grieve you to leave ſo ſweet a place?

SIR PHILIP.

No, Sir; nothing grieves me; I dance away my cares: I have no head for thought and trou-

ble, and calculation and accounts. I make my career as brilliant as poſſible; and whenever any thing begins in the leaſt to chagrin me, I then go to an aſſembly, and ſacrifice to the graces.

CARELESS.

Well, I challenge the world for ſuch another philoſopher.

SIR PHILIP.

I call myſelf a peripatetic philoſopher.—I go about for the ſerenity of my mind.——I had a letter yeſterday from my attorney to meet him on Monday next, at the Mitre tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, in order to ſign deeds of leaſe and releaſe for a ſmall eſtate in Berkſhire, a little out at elbows; but I have appointed him to meet me at the Long Room at Hampſtead.

CARELESS.

Why there? that's an odd place.

SIR PHILIP.

The beſt in the world; becauſe, when the buſineſs is finiſhed, I can then go and give right hand and left at the aſſembly.

WISELY.

But I am ſorry your eſtates are dancing away in this manner.——It will be a little hard upon your children.——And then there's your daughter; ſhe's a very fine girl.

SIR PHILIP.

She lives with her aunt Scatterbrain.

WISELY.

Where is your eldeſt ſon?

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

Reduc'd upon half-pay.

WISELY.

And your ſecond ſon?

SIR PHILIP.

Gone a clerk to the Eaſt Indies.

WISELY.

And my little favourite, your third boy?

SIR PHILIP.

At ſchool at Stockbridge.—He'll be a ſcholar.

CARELESS.

Vive la dance! Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay, Sir, *Vive la dance.*——Well, you'll be at the ball to-night.——Wiſely, I am ſorry we are to loſe you.—[*Moves in a minuet ſtep to Careleſs.*] Careleſs, you won't fail.——*Nunc pede libero pulſanda tellus.*——La loll loll.

[*Exit in a minuet ſtep.*

CARELESS *and* WISELY.

Ha! ha! ha!

CARELESS.

Was ever ſo ridiculous a fellow?—No care, no management, no attention.—I wiſh he had a little of my prudence to mind the main chance; hey, Wiſely!

WISELY.

Your prudence would be of ſingular uſe to him indeed.

CARELESS.

My dear friend, adieu! not a word of Hortenſia; nor of my lady Figurein.

WISELY.

Oh, my dear Careleſs——

CARELESS.

I'll let you know by a line how I ſucceed with them both.——Adieu!

Now for the ſchemes on which we're both intent:
I for the widow's charms. [*Exit.*

WISELY.

I to prevent. [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter WISELY *and* BRAZEN.

WISELY.

NO, Brazen, I ſhan't leave Windſor to-day.

BRAZEN.

No, your honour!

WISELY.

No; I have buſineſs upon my hands of the higheſt importance.—Look ye, Brazen, I have ever found you truſty and honeſt.

BRAZEN.

Why truly, without vanity, I may ſay, you have no reaſon to complain.

WISELY.

No ſpeeches, Brazen.——I will now repoſe a confidence in you.——I have found out my rival.

BRAZEN.

So much the better, Sir:——I love an active campaign;—order me upon any attempt; I am ready to annoy the enemy.——Who is he?

WISELY.

Careleſs.

BRA-

BRAZEN.

What, the gentleman I heard you ſpeak of ſo often?

WISELY.

The ſame.

BRAZEN.

Joy, Sir, joy——I give you joy——victory is ours.

WISELY.

Why, yes, I think I am a bad general, and you a bad officer, if we don't defeat him.

BRAZEN.

I ſaw him as he walk'd down ſtreet yeſterday evening.—Comely, well-proportion'd, and handſome, I think.

WISELY.

Slave! villain! [*Collars him.*]

BRAZEN.

For heaven's ſake, don't ſtrangle me!

WISELY.

Puppy! raſcal! he handſome!

BRAZEN.

That is, Sir—if you will but preſs more tenderly on my windpipe—that is to ſay, Sir—not quite ſo hard—the gentleman ſeems, at a diſtance—a little too tight ſtill, Sir—but when you come nearer—a little looſer—that will do—enough of all conſcience——when you are near him, Sir, he looks quite another thing, and very unpromiſing.

WISELY.

What am I doing? the rage of jealouſy——[*lets him go.*]

BRAZEN.

Dear heart, he'll be nothing in our hands.——

WISELY.

How could ſhe prefer that vain, imprudent—— Have you no plan, raſcal, to counterplot this happy rival?

BRAZEN.

Only reflect upon what you expect of me:—— To ſtop the courſe of a river, or a bird in the air, or a lawyer at Weſtminſter, or thunder and lightning, or a poet repeating his own verſes, or a critic abuſing them, or—in ſhort, Sir, any of theſe things is eaſier than to ſilence a coxcomb of wit and parts.

WISELY.

Of wit and parts, ſirrah!

BRAZEN.

Of no parts——a coxcomb of no parts.

WISELY.

Leave prating, and propoſe ſomething directly.

BRAZEN.

With ſubmiſſion, I am but a poor ingenious good clever kind of fellow, who pretend to little more than a tolerable ſhare of mother-ſenſe, to obey the happier talents of my maſter.

WISELY.

Oh, Hortenſia! to give him this tender token—your own picture in a ſnuff-box here.—— And then to ſend me this cruel letter of diſmiſſion! [*Reads.*] "To encourage your addreſſes "any longer would be the ſign of a vain and "ungenerous way of thinking." Diſtraction! [*Reads.*]

[*Reads.*] "Never can be yours. Hortenſia."——What can be done?——There's one bold ſtroke left:——Brazen, I muſt depend upon your execution of a bright project, conceiv'd this inſtant.

BRAZEN.

I wait but your commands, Sir.

WISELY.

I know you faithful and dextrous.——You have not been long enough at Windſor to be known by any body.——Hey! is not that Hortenſia yonder, walking this way, arm in arm with Lucinda?——I'll ſound a retreat, like a prudent general, and ſend you to ſkirmiſh with the enemy, Brazen.——This way——follow me.

BRAZEN.

And I'll bring on a general action, I warrant me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LUCINDA *and* HORTENSIA.

LUCINDA.

My dear Hortenſia, that is carrying it too far—you grow captious—there is no harm in a little raillery, ſure.

HORTENSIA.

But won't you allow me to be deeper in my own ſecrets than any body elſe?

LUCINDA.

No, by no means; we are all very ingenious in deceiving ourſelves: Our paſſions wear ſo many cunning diſguiſes, we hardly know them.—Spleen ſhall paſs for wit, avarice for œconomy; and

and the love of a man ſhall often be thought a mere female vanity, in hearing the praiſes of a ſhape or a feature.

HORTENSIA.

So that if I ſuffer a civil thing from a pretty fellow, the pleaſure I find from the compliment makes a quick tranſition to a liking of the man.

LUCINDA.

Inſtantly, and almoſt imperceptibly to ourſelves. And when we think we are putting him off, with our arts of cold delay, it is at the bottom but mere coquetry, to draw him on the more. Like playing with edge tools, till we cut ourſelves.

HORTENSIA.

Still I am not wounded.

LUCINDA.

I'll lay you a pot of coffee you are married before me.

HORTENSIA.

You'll loſe.—There is nothing in my conduct that can——

LUCINDA.

I beg your pardon:——There is in you ſerious people a ſedate love of pleaſure that we giddy creatures never come up to. We receive ſlight impreſſions, and ſlight impreſſions chatter away, and evaporate in the whirl of our fancy. Now you demure ones dwell upon what gains acceſs to your hearts; and then your thoughts are like what they tell me of white powder:—They make no noiſe, but are full of miſchief.

HORTENSIA.

This is very ſtrange.——But let me aſſure you, I have not forgot my poor deceas'd huſband.

LUCINDA.

Ay; but that tender melancholy will ſo diſpoſe your mind to receive the kindred paſſion of love, that I ſhould not wonder if——in ſhort, grief is very amorous, my dear.

HORTENSIA.

Mighty fine!——But the man who makes me ſacrifice my liberty muſt have an extraordinary merit.

LUCINDA.

There again now!——Another of the maſquerade habits our paſſions wear:——When you are in love with a man's perſon, you fancy it is a refin'd eſteem for his merit.——Oh, Hortenſia! under that illuſion the heart of a woman will ſoften and melt prodigiouſly.——Do you think it poſſible to have a laſting eſteem for a man, merely on the ſcore of his merit?

HORTENSIA.

Surely; is not it natural to love virtue?

LUCINDA.

Why, to ſpeak a plain truth, which I would not have a man hear from me for the world, whims, paſſions, and deſires, are the groundworks of our minds; and virtue, I am afraid, is but in-laid.

HORTENSIA.

O fy, Lucinda!

LUCINDA.

O fy, hypocrite!

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Pray now let me aſk you, have you no eſteem for Mr. Careleſs?

LUCINDA.

A propos! I forgot to tell you——well, I adore my eaſe on this occaſion!——Sure every thing is at an end between me and that gentleman.

HORTENSIA.

You amaze me!—Was not the wedding-day fix'd?

LUCINDA.

Yes; I was under ſentence of matrimony:—but he has ſent me a reprieve.

HORTENSIA.

Can it be poſſible?

LUCINDA.

He is going to be married to another.

HORTENSIA.

You aſtoniſh me!——She does not ſuſpect me. [*Aſide.*]——Going to be married to another!—No woman of delicacy would hearken to him, conſidering how far matters have been carried with you.

LUCINDA.

Why, if there is any lady really ſmitten, the diſpute between her love and her delicacy will not laſt long.—Delicacy may talk of nice points of honour; but that will only reach the head: While every ſyllable from that little urchin Love will make its way directly to the heart; and while Delicacy is reading lectures, Love will perſuade, and ſo the buſineſs is over.——

But pray, my dear, had not you heard this before?

HORTENSIA.

I, my dear?—I hope he has not divulg'd any thing. [*Aſide.*]——How can you aſk ſuch a queſtion?——I am not in a courſe of town-talk.

LUCINDA.

Why, I don't know—one is always ſaying one ſilly thing or another.——Let's change the ſubject; the man is not worth a moment's thought: his indiſcretion is the ſmalleſt of his faults.——My reſt ſhan't ſuffer a ſingle wink for him.

HORTENSIA.

That's right, Lucinda; give me your hand, and take my advice:——If the falſe man deſerts you, ſhew yourſelf a girl of ſpirit on the occaſion.——The wretch is not worth a ſingle ſmile from any of our ſex;—an idle, vain boaſter!—to truſt him is taking up water with a ſieve.—So reſolve at once to look down with ſcorn both on him, and the vain beauty that prides herſelf in the conqueſt:——Wiſh her joy of her bargain, my dear, and think no more about him.

Enter BRAZEN, *in a livery.*

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia, my maſter preſents his compliments——

HORTENSIA.

Careleſs's livery! [*Aſide.*]——Who is your maſter?

BRA-

BRAZEN.

Mr. Careleſs.

LUCINDA.

Mr. Careleſs!

BRAZEN.

My maſter ſends you word, Ma'am, that he has changed his mind.——Upon conſulting his heart, he finds his inclinations fix'd elſewhere—upon madam Lucinda, this lady here.——I endeavoured, Ma'am, to ſoften his hard heart:—" Won't you conſider, Sir, that Hortenſia—" " Hold your tongue, you raſcal—do as I bid " you;" and ſo off he bruſhed, to the tune of an old ſong, [*ſings*] " One kiſs of a maid's worth " two of a widow."

LUCINDA.

Ho! ho! ho!——This is worth all the diſcoveries of all the philoſophers for a thouſand years.——This is the moſt whimſical accident.——Ha! ha!

HORTENSIA.

Fool that I was! [*Aſide.*]—Who bribed you, Sir, to be guilty of this rudeneſs?—Lucinda, I aſſure you——

LUCINDA.

My dear Hortenſia——Ho! ho! ho!

HORTENSIA.

Nay, if you won't give me leave to ſpeak—Begone! fellow, this moment! I know nothing of your maſter.

LUCINDA.

Well, I forgive him all:—this is a moſt charming buſineſs.——And ſo, Hortenſia, you are the happy lady——

HORTENSIA.

I aſſure you, Ma'am——Go about your buſineſs, Sir.

BRAZEN.

'Tis very well; but before I go, permit me to return this ſnuff-box, with your picture in it.

LUCINDA.

So, ſo, ſo! preſents have paſſed too.

BRAZEN.

"Here, carry her back her ſnuff-box," ſays he, "and as I have damag'd it a little, if ſhe will "get it mended, I'll pay for it."

LUCINDA.

Ho! ho! ho!—I ſhall die, I ſhall die.

HORTENSIA.

Vexation!—this abſurd man!

BRAZEN.

Any commands for my maſter, madam?

HORTENSIA.

Let me hear no more of your inſolence, Sir.

BRAZEN.

What ſhall I ſay to poor Mr. Careleſs?——no parting pang? no kind adieu?

HORTENSIA.

Tell him he's a villain! a perfidious wretch! a monſter of ingratitude!

BRAZEN.

Ay, I know him well:—he's all that, and worſe.——Well done, Brazen! this will do rarely. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

My dear Madam, you'll excuſe me;——but if my life depended upon it, I can't help laughing.

HORTENSIA.

You need not triumph on the occaſion: You are welcome to the gentleman.

LUCINDA.

No doubt.—The man that inſinuates himſelf into your good graces muſt have an extraordinary merit.

HORTENSIA.

Mighty well!—If you muſt run on——

LUCINDA.

Beſides, you have not as yet forgot your poor deceas'd husband.

HORTENSIA.

This raillery is unſeaſonable, madam.

LUCINDA.

Well now, do you know, that I was weak enough to ſuppoſe, that no woman of delicacy, [*ſtifles a laugh*] conſidering how far things had been carried with me——[*laughs out*].

HORTENSIA.

Oh, ſhame! ſhame! All my ill ſtars combin'd——

LU-

LUCINDA.

Come, come, give me your hand, Hortenſia; if the falſe man deſerts you, ſhew yourſelf a woman of ſpirit on the occaſion.

HORTENSIA.

Oh, inſupportable! [*breaks away.*]

LUCINDA.

[*Following her.*] To truſt him is taking up water with a ſieve; and ſo look down with ſcorn on him, and the vain beauty——Ho! ho! [*laughs heartily.*]

HORTENSIA.

I ſha'n't ſtay to be inſulted. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

And has your Æneas left you? [*looking after her*] poor diſconſolate Dido!—Oh! I ſhall expire with laughing.——Well, I feel my heart much lighter.—Certainly revenge is the ruling paſſion of the female breaſt; it is the ſecond paſſion at leaſt.——But ſtay, ſtay, ſtay—what's to be done?—Shall I, to complete my triumph, marry Careleſs?—Why, Revenge ſays ſo—but Love ſlily whiſpers, have not you a ſecret tendre for Mr. Bellfield?—I don't know what to ſay to that—let me examine myſelf on that head:—How ſay you, my heart? [*laying her hand on her boſom*] you ſhall true anſwer make to all ſuch queſtions as ſhall be aſked you:——The traitor owns its various flutterings.——Eyes, how ſay you, do you know Mr. Bellfield?——We have ſeen the gentleman.——But is that all? remember you're upon oath: Have not you indulg'd in many a ſtolen glance?——Soft ſeducers, they own it all.——Lips, what do you know of this matter?

matter?——Why, the gentleman has rudely forc'd a kiſs.——Rudely! come, don't equivocate: Did not you think it civilly done? And when you uttered words of reproach, were ye not pleaſed with the touch of his?——Guilty.——They plead guilty. What ſay my hands? When he has drawn a glove on you, [*looking at one hand*] or gently claſped you [*looking at the other*] to lead me to my chair—Ah! thoſe tremblings were the anxieties of love.——Ears,——Oh! they were pleas'd with the accents of his flattery.——I muſt call no more witneſſes, for fear every circumſtance ſhould plead againſt me.——But what reſolution muſt I come to?—Hortenſia will be ſo piqu'd ſhould I marry Careleſs—and ſo will Careleſs ſhould I marry Bellfield——One match has been talk'd of—ſo has t'other——I have coquetted on this ſide—ſo I have on that.——I'm in a fine condition:—Revenge and Love have got poor weak woman's will between them, and they beat it about like a ſhuttlecock—to and fro—backwards and forwards—tick-tack, tick-tack—and on which ſide it will fall, Fate only knows.

Enter BELLFIELD.

BELLFIELD.

My dear Lucinda——

LUCINDA.

Pſha! why did not he ſtay till the game was out?—I don't know what to ſay to the wretch.——Well, have you buried him?

BELLFIELD.

I am glad to ſee you in a bantering vein.

LUCINDA.

Why, is not he dead?——O fy! to let a man breathe a moment under my diſpleaſure!

BELLFIELD.

Madam, before this day cloſes——

LUCINDA.

But I have chang'd my mind—I give him his wretched life;—let him drag a miſerable being in torment.

BELLFIELD.

And muſt I too wear out a life in torment?——Come, come, pronounce one favourable word.

LUCINDA.

Why, you unlucky thing, what brought you ſo unſeaſonably?——You broke off a violent debate about yourſelf.

BELLFIELD.

About me?

LUCINDA.

Yes; my head and my heart were at open war about you. But you would not ſtay to let them fight it out.——Well, I'll retire to ſolitude, and let them go to cuffs again; and ſo now you'll give yourſelf up to melancholy and peeviſhneſs. And my character, I dare ſay, will be cruelly torn to pieces.

BELLFIELD.

Madam, your character——

LU-

LUCINDA.

Is a ſtrange one.—I know that's what you'll ſay——Or, perhaps, a few ſcraps and ends of verſe:

"Moſt women have no character at all."

BELLFIELD.

Po! po! can't you reſtrain one moment?

LUCINDA.

"Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,—"

BELLFIELD.

'Sdeath! this is all——

LUCINDA.

"And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, and fair."

BELLFIELD.

Nay, prithee, how can you rack me thus?—This is all wildneſs, all extravagance of ſpirit.

LUCINDA.

Well! well! my ſpirits, as the heyday of youth wears away, will be duely reſtrain'd, as flowers contract themſelves at the ſetting-ſun.

BELLFIELD.

If you go on thus, your follies will encreaſe with your years, and ſhew more ſtrikingly as your beauty declines, as ſhadows lengthen with the ſetting-ſun.

LUCINDA.

Satyrical Bellfield!——But you ſhould not have ſaid that to my face:——You might have ſtaid till my back was turn'd, to ſpare my bluſhes.——Well, I am gone.——Think favourably of me.—Ha! ha!—Poor Bellfield! [*Exit.*

BELLFIELD.

Think favourably!—I ſhall think no more of you.——You may as well fix quickſilver as a woman's mind.—It takes a thouſand ſhapes to elude you.——Careleſs has fix'd her though:—Chalenge him, and perhaps—the thing does not admit a moment's delay. [*Exit.*

Re-enter LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

This is charming!——Careleſs comes this way, as I could wiſh:—His behaviour will decide my doubts.——How ſhall I act?—Oh! a girl of ſpirit need never think how to manage a man.

Enter CARELESS.

CARELESS.

Lucinda, without her train of beaus fluttering about her!——How has this happen'd, pray?

LUCINDA.

Why, you frighten them all away from me; and you know, though fruit be ever ſo fine,

fine, if a ſcare-crow is near, the birds won't nibble.

CARELESS.

Well, thou art the verieſt coquette that ever ſtudied the exerciſe of the fan.——

LUCINDA.

Scandalous wretch!

CARELESS.

A lover with you has as bad a time as a poor animal in a philoſopher's air-pump:——When your falſe refinements are too thin for him to ſubſiſt upon, they are render'd ſomewhat more ſubſtantial by letting in a little air of common-ſenſe, that you may have the pleaſure of rarifying all away again; and ſo leave a poor deluded fellow panting for his exiſtence.

LUCINDA.

Why, I like to try experiments upon 'em.—But, Mr. Careleſs, you tried the moſt admirable experiment to-day that ever yet was thought of.——Ha! ha!—I muſt laugh with you, tho' you don't deſerve it.—Never was any thing ſo charming.

CARELESS.

Another of your wild flights now—why, you mount like a pheaſant—whur!

LUCINDA.

And do you vainly hope to bring me down?

CARELESS.

The gun of wit may reach you.——Take care.

LU-

LUCINDA.

But the laws of Parnaſſus for the preſervation of the game don't allow ſuch as you to ſhoot flying.——But I muſt tell you how it was ——Ho! ho!——I enjoy'd her diſtreſs beyond meaſure.

CARELESS.

I am perfectly in a wood here.

LUCINDA.

Your ſervant play'd his part admirably, and ſhe ſo bit her lips with vexation.

CARELESS.

What the deuce has ſhe taken into her head?

LUCINDA.

"Tell him he's a villain!" ſays ſhe, "a "perfidious wretch! a monſter of ingrati-"tude!"

CARELESS.

Unriddle, pray; what is all this?

LUCINDA.

Why, don't you know?

CARELESS.

Not I, truly.

LUCINDA.

Oh! you have chang'd your mind perhaps! ——Or, have you ſeen her ſince, and made it up?

CARE-

CARELESS.

May I never have the fan of an incens'd beauty raiſed to my throat, if I underſtand one word of the matter.

LUCINDA.

Oh, very well, Sir.——I could almoſt have found in my heart to ſmile upon you:——But, go on;—diſſemble, do:——Mr. Bellfield may fare the better for your behaviour, I promiſe you.

CARELESS.

Oh, Ma'am, as to that——Ha! ha!

LUCINDA.

Pretend to laugh too!——But no woman will ſpeak to you at the rate you go on.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!——You are very diverting!——I could tell you, perhaps, of a much-envied lady, who——ha! ha!——who ſees me in a favourable light.

LUCINDA.

Impoſſible!——You will be deſpis'd, rejected.

CARELESS.

[*Laughing conceitedly.*] Well, well, I'll tell you who the lady is, and then you ſhall judge whether I——

Enter

Enter Sir PHILIP, HORTENSIA, *and* BLUNT.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Still in a minuet ſtep.*] Careleſs, well met again.——Lucinda, my fair partner, my lovely little Hercules in a country-dance!

LUCINDA.

Always in ſpirits, Sir Philip.——Now let us ſee how my gentleman and the widow will behave. [*Aſide.*]

HORTENSIA.

He has been flirting with that coquette, I ſee. [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

I muſt not pretend to know Hortenſia.—She's upon the diſcreet plan, I ſee. [*Aſide.*]

LUCINDA.

They don't take notice of one another:——But I'll embarraſs them both. [*Aſide.*]——Oh! Mr. Blunt, I am ſo lucky that you and this company came to my relief——Your friend Careleſs has ſo peſter'd me with his fulſome flattery, and his tender pain, and his pleaſing anguiſh, and all the nonſenſe of love——

CARELESS.

I, Ma'am!—The converſation ſeem'd to have taken a very different turn.

LUCINDA.

Oh, you hideous man! do you deny it?——Hortenſia, ſuch a ſcene you never ſaw.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

I dare ſay, Ma'am, [*forcing a laugh*] it was at once both very acceptable, and very ridiculous.

LUCINDA.

The wretch was down on his knees to me, heart-broken, ſighing, trembling, tears in his eyes, venting a thouſand proteſtations that he loved me, and only me.

CARELESS.

Nay, now, Lucinda, you wrong me.

LUCINDA.

Wrong you! why are you aſham'd of your paſſion for a fine woman?

SIR PHILIP.

Refuſe to be his partner at Sunning-hill next Monday-night for that.

LUCINDA.

So I will, Sir Philip—you and I will dance.—He actually vow'd, Hortenſia, that there is a certain lady who pines and languiſhes for him: But,

"Death's life with me, without me death to live."

HORTENSIA.

Falſe, perfidious man! [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

Nay, now, this is carrying the jeſt too far,

LUCINDA.

Then I reſign you——I here give you up to any lady that pleaſes.——What ſay you, Madam?

HORTENSIA.

You are much worthier of the gentleman, and ſo pray keep him.

CARELESS.

Diſcreetly anſwered.—She won't give the leaſt hint. [*Aſide to* Blunt.]

SIR PHILIP.

For that matter, I think ye both, Ladies, highly worthy of my friend Careleſs:—For you are two as good romps in a country-dance as I ever deſire to caſt off and figure in with.——I think one of you ſhould take the gentleman out.

LUCINDA.

For my part, I'm engag'd.—Shall I make intereſt for you, Ma'am?

HORTENSIA.

The character the gentleman bears, and the light you have made him appear in, are ſufficient to warn a woman of prudence againſt ſo dangercus a riſk.

CARELESS.

Bleſſings on her diſcretion and good-ſenſe for abuſing me ſo. [*Aſide.*] Blunt, you ſee ſhe won't give the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of what's depending.——I'll throw my mite into the ſcale, to convince her of my prudence.

SIR PHILIP.

Come, come, Careleſs, be briſk;——ſomething in your own defence;——don't be out of time.

CARELESS.

I muſt do the lady the juſtice to ſay, that I have not the happineſs or merit of deſerving a place in her good graces.

HORTENSIA.

You own it, falſe man, do you? [*Aſide.*]

LUCINDA.

And are you inſenſible to the lady's ſuperior beauty, and that diſtinguiſh'd prudence with which ſhe moves ſo orderly in every ſphere of life?

CARELESS.

Prudence!——Why, faith, prudence may be a very uſeful qualification in trade, and may anſwer the purpoſes of a mercer upon Ludgate-hill, or a money-ſcrivener in the city.——But I wiſh I may die if I have not always thought prudence the moſt frigid virtue a perſon of faſhion can be poſſeſſed of.

HORTENSIA.

I dare ſay you think ſo. [*Aſide.*]

LUCINDA.

Ho! ho!

CARELESS.

I do it well, don't I, Blunt?

SIR PHILIP.

It is in life as in dancing:——Every thing ſhould be done with briſkneſs and activity of ſpirit.

CARELESS.

[*To* Blunt.] That little ſatire upon prudence will ſhew how much I have myſelf.

BLUNT.

Weak, inconſiderate fool! [*Aſide.*]

SIR PHILIP.

Careleſs is right. [*Sinks and riſes.*] I ſhould be ſorry to have it ſaid that prudence is my moſt ſhining quality.——But, I don't know how it is—we don't make a good ſett here—it looks as if we had ſome of the little fraca's of love amongſt us.

LUCINDA.

I am not in love with any of the company, I promiſe you.

HORTENSIA.

And if I am, may I be married to the wretch for my puniſhment.

CARELESS.

A ſly inuendo, Blunt.——And as to me, if I felt a ſingle ſymptom of love, ſo far from concealing it, I did not care if it was the whole talk of every party at cards and ſcandal throughout the city of London, and liberty of Weſtminſter.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

That I do verily believe. [*Aſide.*]

CARELESS.

You ſee, Blunt, I have no management.——Ha! ha!

HORTENSIA.

Laughed at too!——I have not patience.——Come, Lucinda, it draws near dinner-time.

LUCINDA.

Why, yes, I think we had as good adjourn.——We'll leave you to divulge all the ſecrets you know, Mr. Careleſs.——Ha! ha!

SIR PHILIP.

Are you going, Ladies?——I muſt be your knight-errant:——Favour me with your hand.——Careleſs—Blunt—you'll be at the maſk in good time.——I attend you, Ma'am.

[*Exit with* Hortenſia *and* Lucinda.

BLUNT.

Bravo! Careleſs; you'll undo yourſelf: You have abus'd the lady's diſtinguiſhing perfection to her face.

CARELESS.

To deceive the company—a ſtroke of judgment and diſcretion.

BLUNT.

But ſhe ſeem'd to ſpeak with acrimony.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Oh! I ador'd her for that.——She's a charming woman; and a word of abuſe out of her mouth is worth all the praiſes of the reſt of her ſex.——Ha! ha!——It was the luckieſt interview!—and gave me the fineſt opportunity of ſhining!——Ha! ha!——She carried it off finely too.

When women praiſe, their paſſions gently move;
But if they rail, then with a rage they love.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter BELLFIELD *and* WISELY.

BELLFIELD.

I NEVER ſaw your ſpirits ſo depreſs'd before, Wiſely.—Sure ſomething extraordinary has happen'd.

WISELY.

No, nothing—a tranſient gloom; that's all.

BELLFIELD.

Never let any thing affect your ſpirits, man.—A croſs accident is never converted into an advantage by being peeviſh: Juſt the reverſe; by ſuffering inwardly, every little trifle acquires the force of a real misfortune.—My dear Wiſely, do as I do; laugh to ſcorn all the little perverſe circumſtances of life.

WISELY.

They fall as lightly on me as on any body, I believe.

BELLFIELD.

I can perceive you hurt even now:—There's ſomething working in your mind.

WISELY.

You are quite miſtaken, Bellfield.

BELL-

BELLFIELD.

What if a miſtreſs frown—can't you ſmile for all that?

WISELY.

I have no miſtreſs, Sir.

BELLFIELD.

Nay, I can't ſay how that is.—But it diverts me of all things to ſee a man, becauſe an untoward beauty is inſenſible of his merit, become inſenſible of it himſelf, and ſit in company wrapped in a cloud of vapours, when he ought to make the caprices of the ſex ſport for himſelf and every body elſe too.

WISELY.

Very true; and ſhould Lucinda's love, or her underſtanding, have a relapſe, I dare ſay——

BELLFIELD.

I ſhould not like to loſe her; but I could laugh at the loſs.

WISELY.

Then it won't grieve you to hear, that Careleſs and ſhe are well together again.

BELLFIELD.

Oh, no ſuch thing—you are mis-informed.—He has revolted from Lucinda; and the widow is "the Cynthia of this hour" with him.

WISELY.

What intelligence you lovers have!—Every thing is finally concluded between him and Lucinda.—Ha! ha!—He's a weak, abſurd fellow.——But I beg your pardon—it does not ſeem to divert you.

BELLFIELD.

[*Forcing a laugh.*] It ſhan't diſconcert me, you may aſſure yourſelf.——She's as changeable as the wind,—and he's a weathercock.——Ha! ha!——I don't mind it.——Ha! ha!——This very morning ſhe was enrag'd, and wanted me to cut his throat.

WISELY.

And this very evening ſhe'd wiſh you hanged if you had.—Ha! ha!—They have both very ſtrange humours, faith.

BELLFIELD.

And you have an odd kind of ſignificant dry laugh with you.—You ſeem to enjoy my misfortune.

WISELY.

Misfortune!—I thought you—

BELLFIELD.

Pſha! no, not misfortune—but my diſappointment——not diſappointment neither, for theſe things are to be expected from the levity of her mind.—A fantaſtical, deceitful—ha! ha!—And ſo Careleſs is to be married to her——You ſee—you ſee, Wiſely, that I don't feel—[*laughing peeviſhly.*] Your ſervant, Sir—I am your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

WISELY.

Poor Bellfield!—my joy overflow'd, and I could not help telling him—ha! ha!—and yet he pretends not to feel it. [*Exit.*

SCENE Careleſs's *Lodgings.*

Enter CARELESS *and* BLUNT.

CARELESS.

My dear Blunt, you ſee my affairs are in a fine train:——You will now at leaſt grant, that prudence is an eſſential part of my character.

BLUNT.

Your ſtate of probation has been rather ſhort.

CARELESS.

Po! po!——My dear Blunt. you are a fellow of ſuch a ſuſpicious temper, that you'd believe the plague on board a ſhip, after ſhe had perform'd quarantine.——But the moſt preciſe caution has guided my actions for ſome time paſt.——Hey! what have we here? letters!—And that ſtupid ſot of a ſervant not to know any thing of the matter. [*Opens a letter.*] —No indiſcretion of mine, I promiſe you, Blunt, will ever give you uneaſineſs again.

BLUNT.

Well, I wiſh it may be ſo.

CARELESS.

You'll find it ſo.——[*Reading.*] How! 'Sdeath! what does this mean?—Upon my ſoul now, there's no ſuch thing as living at this rate.

BLUNT.

What's the matter?

CARELESS.

[*Reads out.*] "I hold you accountable to "me for the injuries you have done my ſiſter. "A treaty of marriage with Sir Harry Strick- "land is broke off on account of your ſcandal- "ous givings out.—When ſhall you be at Lon- "don? If not within this day or two, expect to "ſee me at Windſor.

"Yours,

"Richard Hotſpur."

BLUNT.

There again now! the old way.

CARELESS.

How the devil could this happen?—There is not ſo low a thing on earth as repeating private converſation.

BLUNT.

And can't you be upon your guard in private converſation?

CARELESS.

The moſt diſtant hint in the world eſcap'd from me at the Thatch'd-houſe one day at dinner.——Tho' his ſiſter had granted me the laſt favour, yet I did not——

BLUNT.

And you muſt blab now!

CARELESS.

Po! with you I don't mind.

BLUNT.

Nor with any man.—'Tis an inveterate habit, and you can't conquer it.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! nothing but plague and torment!—[*Opening another letter.*] What's this?

" Sir,

" I did not imagine a baſe vain-glory could " have betray'd you into an action ſo ungene- " rous and mean.——My huſband has heard all " the circumſtances, and he threatens an imme- " diate divorce.——I am miſerable, and you are " the blackeſt villain upon earth.

" Eloiſa."

That's the feign'd name under which ſhe correſponded with me.——But it will be impoſſible for Mr. Kitely to prove——

BLUNT.

Kitely! that ſecret's out too.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! you catch a man ſo—I did not mean to tell it.

BLUNT.

I wiſh he may recover damages againſt you.

CARELESS.

There is no truſting any body, I ſee plainly.——I only hinted the affair to a friend, who admir'd Mrs. Kitely, to let him ſee that ſhe was comeatable—and now this is the return I meet with.—'Tis very vexatious!

Enter

Enter BELLFIELD.

Bellfield, I am glad to ſee you.

BELLFIELD.

Mr. Careleſs, buſineſs of a particular nature occaſions this viſit.—Will you indulge us a moment, Blunt?

BLUNT.

By all means.——More misfortunes, I ſuppoſe. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Well, Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

You will be ſo good as to name your time and place, and chuſe your weapon, Sir.

CARELESS.

Explain the cauſe.

BELLFIELD.

The cauſe of injur'd innocence, injur'd truth, and violated honour.

CARELESS.

Still I'm in the dark, Sir.

BELLFIELD.

Lucinda!——Does light break in upon you now?——You have treated her, Mr. Careleſs, unworthily, baſely, ſcandalouſly.

CARELESS.

And are you become her champion?

BELLFIELD.

I am——and I have the applauſe of my own heart for it.——Every honeſt man is intereſted in the

the refutation of calumny, when a tear falls from the ſoft eye of injur'd beauty.

CARELESS.

Mr. Bellfield, any reparation, in my power, I am willing to make the lady—or, if that won't do, Sir, I muſt give you the meeting:—but, I can't marry Lucinda.

BELLFIELD.

Mr. Careleſs, ſhe is worthy of——you can't marry her!—why not, Sir?—explain.

CARELESS.

Would you fain compel me into a marriage?

BELLFIELD.

Compel you!—'Sdeath! what am I at?——No; but——

CARELESS.

It is impoſſible, Sir. I am engag'd to Hortenſia.

BELLFIELD.

To Hortenſia!—Poſitively?

CARELESS.

Moſt poſitively.

BELLFIELD.

And you think no more of Lucinda?

CARELESS.

I muſt forget her entirely.

BELLFIELD.

Ha! ha!——Thou'rt an honeſt fellow, Careleſs.——Give us your hand.——I challenge you!——For what?——You have done Lucinda no injury—and ſo I'll go and tell her.——My dear

Care,

Careleſs, fare you well.——I wiſh you all happineſs with Hortenſia.—Your ſervant—your ſervant.—I challenge you! not for the world. [*Exit.*

Enter BLUNT.

CARELESS.

A pretty buſineſs this!—He comes in a romantic humour, huffing like an errant Don Quixote, and then goes away laughing.

BLUNT.

You were loud enough—I heard it all.——There will be no end of your ſcrapes and difficulties.

CARELESS.

Po! prithee, man—how can you?——To-morrow makes Hortenſia mine:—I ſhall then move in a higher ſphere; ſet up for men to gaze with envy at.

BLUNT.

You'll never ſucceed in any thing.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! that gravity is diverting.—Why, in the common occurrences of life, I own, I have carried myſelf negligently; but the buſineſs of my heart is too important: There I have acted with the niceſt preciſion.

BLUNT.

Pſha! while you are guarding yourſelf in one point, you lie expoſed in a thouſand others.—Your prudence is exactly like the philoſopher's cloak: When he drew it over his head his feet were uncovered.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! not in my concerns with Hortenſia.

Enter BRAZEN, *in another livery.*

CARELESS.

Hortenſia's livery!——Ha! ha!——Now, Blunt, you'll ſee:——This is a meſſage from her.

BRAZEN.

Mr. Careleſs, will your honour permit me juſt to whiſper one word?

CARELESS.

A million. Well, friend! how? what?

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia gave me in ſtrict charge to deliver this letter into your own hand, Sir.

CARELESS.

A thouſand thanks. Here—here's a reward for your diligence [*gives money*]. You ſhall wait for an anſwer.

BRAZEN.

I dare not, Sir. Secrecy is the word. I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

So; you ſee, I am in high favour with her.—I can't help laughing at your peeviſh ſurmiſes.—Ha! ha!—But here, here, here's a proof of my approaching joys.

BLUNT.

I am ſure I ſhall be glad to ſee you happy.

CARE-

CARELESS.

I know thou wilt.—Ha! ha!—Now let's see. [*Opens the letter.*] Now, now, now. [*Reads to himself.*] How! what's this? [*Reads.*] "To "no purpoſe—character—now vaniſh'd—differ-"ent light—be my laſt—never can be yours." [*Stands in confuſion.*]

BLUNT.

Well, Careleſs, a proof of your approaching joys.

CARELESS.

[*Looks earneſtly at Blunt, then walks away.*] I never was ſo let down in all my days.

BLUNT.

You ſeem dejected, Careleſs.

CARELESS.

Madam Fortune playing ſome of her damn'd croſs purpoſes with me.

BLUNT.

What's the matter, man? [*Careleſs gives him the letter, and walks about the room.*] What can all this be? [*Reads.*]

"Sir,

"To encourage your addreſſes, when they "really are to no purpoſe, would be the ſign of "a vain and ungenerous way of thinking.—— "There were at firſt ſome circumſtances in your "character and manner, which were not diſpleaſ-"ing; but thoſe appearances are now vaniſh-"ed. I muſt therefore in this letter, which will

" be my laſt, wiſh you all happineſs; and freely " declare, I never can be

" Yours,

" Hortenſia."

Undone, I ſee; quite undone.

CARELESS.

Yes, undone with a witneſs!—What can the woman mean?—If there were any cauſe——

BLUNT.

I fear you've given too much.

CARELESS.

There is no dealing with any of her ſex.—— An artful, falſe, diſſembling woman!——Damnation!——My dear Blunt, a thought is juſt come into my head: I'll not torment myſelf about her. Revenge is at hand, and I'll enjoy its ſweets directly.—Ha! ha!—I have ſtill an after-game to play:—I have another ſtring to my bow——Lucinda, my boy!

BLUNT.

You gave her up ten minutes ago; and Bellfield's gone to tell her.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! that's true.—I'll fly to prevent the miſchief.—Ha! ha!—I'll have my revenge, and marry Lucinda directly; and then you'll ſee me an happy man ſtill. [*Exit.*

BLUNT.

The verieſt ſelf-tormentor that ever lived! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Terras.*

Enter BELLFIELD *and* WISELY.

BELLFIELD.

Yes, Sir, I am in ſpirits, and I've reaſon.—I am the happieſt fellow in nature.

WISELY.

I am glad to hear it, Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

I have had an interview with Careleſs.—Who do you think he is to marry?

WISELY.

Hey? who? [*uneaſy.*]

BELLFIELD.

Hortenſia.

WISELY.

The devil he is!

BELLFIELD.

Yes; after all.—Ha! ha!—Don't you think it's excellent news.

WISELY.

Very extraordinary news, indeed.

BELLFIELD.

He for ever quits claim to Lucinda.—A'n't I a lucky fellow?—Hortenſia has fix'd the affair at laſt.——Ha! ha!——My dear Wiſely, you don't enjoy my happineſs.

WISELY.

To ſee one's friends happy, Sir, is——

BELLFIELD.

Was not I right not to fume and fret?——Ha! ha!——I kept my temper, you ſee.——Ha! ha!——Is not it the luckieſt thing in the world?

WISELY.

[*With a forc'd laugh.*] Such luck never was heard of.

Enter CARELESS.

CARELESS.

Wiſely—Bellfield—how do ye, lads?—Wiſely, give me joy:——I have had a moſt admirable eſcape from the galling yoke of matrimony.——I have done with the widow, my boy.

WISELY.

[*In ſpirits.*] Have you?

BELLFIELD.

[*Uneaſy.*] Done with her!

CARELESS.

Yes, completely:—She's a compound of deceit, affectation, treachery, and fraud.

BELLFIELD.

My dear Careleſs, ſhe's a very fine woman.—Marry her ſtill, man.

WISELY.

WISELY.

You have hit her character, Careleſs. I ſhould be ſorry any friend of mine——

CARELESS.

Ay; I know her thoroughly.——I ſhall mortify her pride:——I'll gall her proud heart:——You'll ſee me to-morrow married to Lucinda.

BELLFIELD.

How!

CARELESS.

And the widow will be ſo provok'd—

BELLFIELD.

Zoons! Sir, but let me tell you——

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!——You wanted me to make her amends a little while ago: I could not then; but now I'm at liberty, I ſhall certainly do it.

BELLFIELD.

Sure the widow is a much finer woman.

CARELESS.

Oh! no, no, no [*laughing*].

WISELY.

Not to be compar'd to her, Careleſs.——Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

I ſhall certainly marry her, Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

But, Sir, do you imagine——[*angrily.*]

CARE-

CARELESS.

She's beautiful as an angel:—Young, accomplish'd, elegant——

BELLFIELD.

Mr. Careleſs, what do you mean by this?

CARELESS.

Why, won't you let me praiſe her?—Wiſely, he was going to cut my throat a while ago, for abuſing her; and now he wants to murder me for ſpeaking in her commendation——But make yourſelf eaſy, my dear Bellfield, I ſhall marry her.

BELLFIELD.

Marry her! Damnation! [*puts his hand to his ſword.*]

WISELY.

[*Interpoſing.*] No violence, Bellfield: Careleſs is very right [*holds* Bellfield]. She's a ſweet girl, Careleſs.

CARELESS.

Yes; I know ſhe is.—Ha! ha!

WISELY.

Marry her by all means.

CARELESS.

Moſt certainly.—Ha! ha!

BELLFIELD.

Let go your hold, Mr. Wiſely.——I deſire, Sir——

Enter Sir PHILIP.

SIR PHILIP.

Lads, for ſhame!—not ready for the ball!—Hey! what! quarrelling!—never quarrel, my dear Bellfield—never be out of humour.—Paſſion unhinges the whole frame; [*turning out his toes*] deſtroys the grace and gaiety, and——

CARELESS.

My dear knight, you're always in good humour; give us your hand.

SIR PHILIP.

Always, Sir; always in ſpirits.——Bellfield, I have made a new country-dance ſince I ſaw you.

BELLFIELD.

With all my heart, Sir.

SIR PHILIP.

I heard ſome bad news; and ſo I did it to ſhake off melancholy.

CARELESS.

Bad news!——What's the matter, Sir Philip?

SIR PHILIP.

Poor lady Portſoken!——You know I told you I uſed to dance with her.—I received a letter, mentioning, that after a veniſon feaſt at her houſe laſt week, as ſhe was amuſing herſelf over a quart of ſyllabub, ſhe was taken ſuddenly ill, and expired [*ſinks and riſes*]. I was very much

ſhocked;

ſhocked; ſo I compoſed a dance to raiſe my ſpirits.

BELLFIELD.

Hang him, a troubleſome fellow. [*Aſide.*]

SIR PHILIP.

I am very ſorry for her, I aſſure you.——Bellfield, it's a charming dance; all briſkneſs and activity.

BELLFIELD.

[*Avoiding him.*] Po! po!

SIR PHILIP.

[*Following him.*] Foot it at top, caſt off two couple, foot it at bottom, dance corners——

BELLFIELD.

I ſhall be glad to ſpeak a word with you in private. [*Aſide to* Careleſs.]

SIR PHILIP.

Dance corners, I ſay, out at ſides, croſs over, turn your partner, right hand and left.

CARELESS.

Shall us dance it this evening, Sir Philip?

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, Sir, this evening.—But come, the hour draws nigh.—For ſhame, lads!—Wiſely, Bellfield, ye both live near my houſe;—come, and make ye ready.

BELLFIELD.

I can't go directly now.

WISELY.

WISELY.

You muſt; I have buſineſs with you.—[*Aſide to* Bellfield.] Lucinda ſhall be your own ſtill. ——I have buſineſs with you too, Sir Philip.—Come, Bellfield, I inſiſt upon it. [*Forcing him off.*

SIR PHILIP.

Gentlemen, I attend you.——Careleſs, foot it at top, caſt off two couple. [*Dances out.*

CARELESS.

An ungenerous woman to treat me thus!—— I'll muſter up reſolution to deſpiſe her, and never converſe with her again.

Enter HORTENSIA, *and paſſes by him.*

So, ſo, diſſembling woman! [*looking after her.*]

HORTENSIA.

Low, vile wretch!

CARELESS.

I'll not expoſtulate the matter with her.

HORTENSIA.

I'll not condeſcend to upbraid him.——[*Goes up to him.*] Mr. Careleſs, you're a villain.

CARELESS.

[*Pretends to laugh.*] Oh, Ma'am, I am fully acquainted with your ſentiments already.

HORTENSIA.

A cool, deliberate villain!

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!

HORTENSIA.

Unfeeling in all points of honour as in love.

CARELESS.

Pleaſant, upon my ſoul!—She upbraids me too!

HORTENSIA.

That unmanly ſneer!——Mr. Careleſs, Mr. Careleſs, after every proof of love a weak, inconſiderate woman could give——I will only now take the liberty to tell you, the baſeneſs of your heart will make you the averſion of our ſex, and the ſcorn of your own.

CARELESS.

Since I muſt ſpeak, Heaven is my witneſs, I never fail'd in caution and reſpect for you; I never abuſed the confidence you repoſed in me; nobody breathing ever heard a ſyllable of our loves.

HORTENSIA.

No, Sir?

CARELESS.

No; not a mortal.—You made me break off with Lucinda, and now——

HORTENSIA.

Could you favour me with a pinch of ſnuff?

CARELESS.

I have not my box about me.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Shall I preſume to offer you a pinch of mine?

CARELESS.

She's coming to again, by all that's tender!—Ha! ha!—I ſee how it is. [*Aſide.*]—[*Turns to her.*] You are very obliging.——How!

HORTENSIA.

Do you own your baſeneſs now?

CARELESS.

How came that in your hands?

HORTENSIA.

You could ſend it back with an affronting meſſage too.

CARELESS.

I, Ma'am!——By heaven, nobody ever handled it, or knew your picture was there, except my friend Wiſely.

HORTENSIA.

Who?

CARELESS.

Wiſely.——Excepting him, nobody ever——

HORTENSIA.

Oh, blockhead! fool! [*Walks about.*] You told him then?

CARELESS.

Yes, yes—I told him—I told him all—I deſired him to take it to town, and get it mended——I let him into the whole ſecret—I knew I could truſt him.

HORTENSIA.

The man on earth you ſhould not have truſted: He was your rival; and he contriv'd this miſchief. He ſent it back to me, as from you. ——That's the uſe he has made of your confidence in him.

CARELESS.

Oh! I ſee my folly.—Damnation!—And ſo the letter I receiv'd——

HORTENSIA.

Sir, I repent me of that letter.

CARELESS.

[*Looking pleaſed.*] Do you?

HORTENSIA.

Moſt heartily.

CARELESS.

Bleſſings on you for the word.

HORTENSIA.

[*Angry.*] What, you are glad, are you?

CARELESS.

To rapture.

HORTENSIA.

[*With a ſneer.*] I promiſe you, you ſhall never receive ſuch another.

CARELESS.

Then I return it to you moſt joyfully.

HORTENSIA.

Very well, Sir! you return a fond letter thus with ſcorn.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Fond do you call it?

HORTENSIA.

Was it no fondneſs to tell you here——[*opens the letter.*] What's this? oh, I ſee through this too! Now bluſh for your indiſcretion, weak, trifling man! This very letter I ſent Mr. Wiſely, when firſt my fooliſh heart ſeduc'd me to liſten to your addreſſes.

CARELESS.

Shame and confuſion! ideot that I was!

HORTENSIA.

How paltry do you appear now.

CARELESS.

I feel it all.——And yet will you ſuffer him, Wiſely, to ſucceed in ſo ungenerous a plot?

HORTENSIA.

He has acted like a man of ſenſe: he has at once ſhewn me his own prudence, and the infirmity of your frivolous mind.

CARELESS.

But in all my conduct you ſee no marks of guilt, no treachery, no——

HORTENSIA.

Sir, it is to me the ſame thing if an idle imbecility of underſtanding aſſumes the appearance, or acts the purpoſes, of every vice in its turn.

CARELESS.

And can you thus, for a ſmall failure——

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Small failure do you call it? Mr. Wiſely has deſerv'd me, and I'll beſtow myſelf upon him this very day, to ſhew the value I have for the man who has honour enough to keep a woman's ſecrets, and the contempt due to the wretch who, like you, can trifle with a generous heart. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Hell and the devil! I ſhall never be able to ſhew my face after this:——Blunt will rail at me, my enemies will rejoice, and every female tongue will clack, clack.—Confuſion!—What's to be done?——I'll follow her to Sir Philip's maſk; and from this moment not one unguarded word ſhall ever eſcape me. [*Exit.*

SCENE *a Room in Sir* Philip's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir PHILIP, WISELY, *and* BELLFIELD.

SIR PHILIP.

You amaze me, Mr. Wiſely,——Careleſs a deſign upon my wife!

WISELY.

He has laid his plot as I have told you.

SIR PHILIP.

Why this is enough to ſpoil a man's dancing indeed. [*Dances.*]

WISELY.

WISELY.

Be directed by me, and you ſhall at once have full proof, and be able to prevent the miſchief.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Dancing.*] I was never ſo diſconcerted in my born days.

BELLFIELD.

Your own eyes, your own ears, ſhall convince you.——Wiſely, [*aſide to* Wiſely] I'll ſtep and ſee if Lucinda's ready.

WISELY.

[*Aſide to* Bellfield.] Does ſhe enter with ſpirit into the ſcheme?

BELLFIELD.

Moſt chearfully.

WISELY.

Well, ſtep and ſpeak to her once more. [*Exit* Bellfield.] This will finiſh him with Hortenſia. [*Aſide.*]——The levity of this man, Sir Philip, his own folly, has put it in my power to do you this ſervice.——Huſh! I ſee Careleſs coming; I know his dreſs.

SIR PHILIP.

And there's comes my wife; I know her dreſs too.

WISELY.

Sir Philip, get you behind that curtain:—— quick—quick;—your happineſs depends upon it.

SIR PHILIP.

I am gone. [*Goes behind the curtain hanging to the back ſcene.*]

WISELY.

Now, now, this is the very criſis of his fate. [*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* LUCINDA, *at oppoſite doors, both maſked.*

CARELESS.

Her ladyſhip is true to her appointment, I ſee. [*Unmaſks.*]——My lady Figurein, this is generous indeed.

LUCINDA.

The ball-room's full. [*In a feign'd voice.*]

CARELESS.

And we are ſafe here.——Come, come, let me hear the gentle accents of your own ſweet voice.

LUCINDA.

No; I love to practiſe.

SIR PHILIP.

[*Peeping behind.*] I never knew ſuch perfidy in my life.

CARELESS.

Now then the opportunity favours—let us retire to compleat each others' bliſs.

SIR PHILIP.

You ſhall dance [*ſinks and riſes*] to another tune preſently.

LU-

LUCINDA.

I've ſomething to ſay to you firſt:——I hear you're going to marry that flirt, Lucinda.

CARELESS.

Lucinda!—Ha! ha!—That will never be!—Marry her!—A proud inſolent, who over-rates both her beauty and her fortune.——I never had a ſincere regard for her; I gave the girl hopes, and pamper'd her vain imagination, but I never liked her.

LUCINDA.

I am glad to hear that;—I am afraid her character is not the beſt,

CARELESS.

If it has a flaw, ſhe uſes it like broken china; patches it up as well as ſhe can, and turns the faireſt ſide to view.

LUCINDA.

But then you'll marry Hortenſia,

CARELESS.

That will be as things happen.—But as to her, ſhe'll be of no inconvenience to our amours; I ſhall always be able to detach a part of my time from her, in order to dedicate it more happily to love and joy with your ladyſhip.

SIR PHILIP.

Such a villain never entered a gentleman's houſe!

LUCINDA.

I am very faint of a ſudden.—Throw up that window yonder.

CARELESS.

Don't alarm yourſelf. [*Drawing up the curtain, and looking towards her.*] Your ladyſhip will be well in a moment.——Sir Philip will never ſuſpect, or be able to find us out. He'll be buſy with the graces.——[*Making faſt the ſtring of the curtain, ſees him.*] Damnation! [*Walks away.*]

SIR PHILIP.

[*Following him.*] Mr. Careleſs, this is the vileſt proceeding—the baſeſt uſage, Sir—the wickedeſt deſign—it's enough to put a body in a paſſion.

CARELESS.

Zoons! what ſhall I do now?

SIR PHILIP.

I did not think you capable of this—nor your ladyſhip either:—Come, ſhew your face, madam, and let me ſee how guilt becomes it.——[*Takes off her maſk.*] Lucinda all this time!

CARELESS.

How!——This is worſe and worſe.

LUCINDA.

Yes, Sir Philip, the gay, the giddy Lucinda.

SIR PHILIP.

And my wife innocent all the time!

LU-

LUCINDA.

Entirely:—We concerted this ſcheme amongſt ourſelves to detect that gentleman.—Mr. Careleſs, you never had a ſincere regard for me, I think; and I have a flaw in my character, have not I?——Ha! ha!——Poor, detected Mr. Careleſs.

CARELESS.

[*Avoiding her,*] I deſerve it all.—I brought it all on myſelf.

Enter WISELY *and* BELLFIELD.

WISELY *and* BELLFIELD.

Your humble ſervant, Mr. Careleſs.——Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

A ſwarm of enemies all at work againſt me.——This is your damn'd deſigning head, Wiſely.

SIR PHILIP.

Mr. Careleſs, [*in a minuet ſtep*] this is the groſſeſt violation of all friendſhip, honour, and hoſpitality—and, Sir, I ſhall hope to ſee you no more in my houſe.

CARELESS.

I ſhall take another opportunity to explain this matter, Sir Philip; and for the preſent I—[*going*].

Enter HORTENSIA *and* BLUNT.

She too here!——Oh, I'm in high luck!

LUCINDA.

Hortenſia, here has been ſuch a diſcovery!

HORTENSIA.

I have heard it all, my dear——I have been attending in the next room.——Mr. Careleſs, what muſt I think of you now?

CARELESS.

Every thing that's harſh, I make no doubt. ——Blunt, you ſee what a condition I'm in here.

BLUNT.

I knew you'd be a bankrupt in fame as well as love at laſt.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! I can't ſtand it——it's too much to bear.——I here take my leave of ye all. [*Going*]

HORTENSIA.

No, Sir, your preſence is neceſſary:——You ſhall be a witneſs to an act of juſtice.——Mr. Wiſely, I now acknowledge before this company, that I have behaved indelicately to you:—But now, Sir, without ceremony, I give you my hand; at once to make atonement for my paſt conduct, and to ſhew that wretch the juſt reward of ſecrecy in love.

WISELY.

WISELY.

Generous Hortenſia!

LUCINDA.

And, to do full and ample juſtice on him, Mr. Bellfield, I have been a very tyrant to you. I have uſed you like——What was your ſimile, Mr. Careleſs?——My airs were too thin for a lover to ſubſiſt upon; and ſo now I'll let in a little common-ſenſe to keep him alive——Here, take me, Mr. Bellfield, that the gentleman may alſo ſee the juſt reward of ſincerity in love.

BELLFIELD.

Then I am paid indeed.

SIR PHILIP.

Poor Careleſs! I almoſt pity him.——He has had his dance, and now he pays the piper.

OMNES.

Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

Oh, mighty well!—you may laugh.—I ſhall leave ye in poſſeſſion of your mirth. [*Throwing off his maſk.*] Ha! ha!——I fancy, though, you'll ſee that I can meet with a ſucceſs elſewhere equal to any of ye.

OMNES.

Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

Ay, ay, go on—enjoy the joke!——I ſhan't drop the leaſt hint of my future ſchemes; but I believe——

OMNES.

OMNES.

Poor Careleſs!——Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

In a little time you'll know it all.——I ſhall depart for the county of Norfolk; and you may poſſibly read, in a few days, in the Norwich Journal, of Miſs Belvidere and your humble ſervant ——That's all.——

LUCINDA.

O brave! a ſieve to the very laſt.

SIR PHILIP.

I have known them dance fifty couple at the Norwich aſſembly.

OMNES.

Ha! ha!

CARELESS.

Well, well; I'll ſay no more. [*Going.*]

SIR PHILIP.

[*Stopping him.*] Mr. Careleſs, ſince no injury is done me, I am willing to hope this day's buſineſs will correct your future conduct.

CARELESS.

You are very good, Sir Philip.——It will be a leſſon to me for the reſt of my life.

SIR PHILIP.

Then let us dance away reflection for the preſent.——I won't be diſappointed.——You ſhall ſacrifice to the graces with me.

CARE-

CARELESS.

With all my heart:—I have no ill will to any one.——Wiſely, I deſerve it, for putting myſelf in your power.——Blunt, ſpare my confuſion.——I have been a very ſilly fellow:—But ſince things are come to this iſſue, I have the conſolation to feel, that whatever may have been my indiſcretions, I am greatly above a ſelfiſh and ungenerous character: I ſcorn a baſe action as much as any man in England.

The careleſs indiſcreet (this day has ſhewn)
Is no One's Enemy except His Own.

FINIS.

CHAPTER V.

With all my heart!—Have no ill will to any one——Widely, a feature to die for parting my hair in your presence!——Sure, have my consolation——I have been a very silly fellow!——But there are cases, to which I have the consolation to [illegible] may have recourse, and [illegible] and ungenerous character to [illegible] as much as any man in England.

The careless indifferent (this day has shewn)
Is no One's Lot in any species Own.